poets of the Republic" sent us a copy of verses,
and went away satisfied with half-a-crown, as were
the *poissardes*, who also offered a galimatias copy
of verses.

I have seen Lord Malmesbury, who desires me
to take Sir Sidney Smith's affair in hand, as he
found he could make nothing of it,[1] *I* wrote to
inform Truguet, the minister of marine, of my
arrival, and an appointment is made for to-morrow.
Lord M. says we must keep separate as much as
we can; as his hopes are in me, and *I* shall be
able to speak and be spoken to, which he cannot,
for he sees nobody. God knows whether any
mediating services of mine will be fairly set to
my account or not; possibly not; nor do *I* care;
at all events, I must have his good word.

I have been about as freely as in London.
Paris in this quarter is crowded more than ever,
but both men and women are sad frights. The
women dress shockingly, with immense bushy
periwigs, quite discordant with their complexions
and eyebrows; forming either a large *chignon*, or

a great horse-tail behind, and brought very long over their faces in the front, only a little parted in the middle of the forehead, just like the men

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[i] Sir Sidney Smith was then a close prisoner in the Temple.